

# THE SECRET OF THE SUBMARINE

Novelized From a Thrilling  
Photoplay Series Released  
by the Mutual Film Co.

By E. Alexander Powell  
The Famous War Correspondent

Romantic story of an undersea boat designed to remain beneath the surface for weeks, with the beautiful daughter of the inventor figuring as the heroine in thrilling situations.

## SECOND EPISODE.

### SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING INSTALLMENT.

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Lieut. Jarvis Hope is detailed by the United States Naval Board to investigate and report his findings on the invention of Dr. Ralph Burke, which serves to bring the submarine to a state of perfection. The lieutenant arrives in Valdivia and is welcomed by the inventor and his daughter, Cleo. On the trial trip of the inventor's boat a Japanese helper is surprised in the act of examining the mechanism of the ventilating device.

**D**EATH stared them in the face. Through the open hatchway the sea was pouring in a torrent. For those in the submarine the end was but a matter of seconds. Already the water was at their knees. Again Hope attempted to close the hatch cover, but the force of the rushing water hurried him back. He might as well have tried to cap a geyser. The water was at their waist. The navigating officer, beads of sweat glistening on his forehead, frantically manipulated his horizontal rudders in the hope that the boat would rise. But it did not respond.

Suddenly Cleo, plunging through the swirling waters, reached the lever which controlled the cover of the hatch. She grasped it with both hands. She drew herself up until her whole weight was upon it, as a gymnast raises himself upon a horizontal bar. It yielded. The incoming stream of water lessened—stopped. Burke's automatic device had worked. The cover of the hatch was closed. The sudden silence which ensued was broken by a sailor muttering a prayer. Cleo, her face drained of its color, relaxed her grasp on the lever, away, would have fallen, but Hope caught her in his arms. Under the strain of those terrifying moments his coolness had never deserted him.

"Get the pumps working, men," he ordered, assuming charge of the situation. And to the navigator: "Keep your rudders depressed and see if you can get her to the surface."

Half carrying, half dragging Cleo, he waded through the water to the after compartment. Burke was bending over his apparatus.

"Anything wrong, doctor?" asked Hope. Then he caught sight of the water in the glass tank. It had stopped bubbling.

"The bullet from Satsuma's pistol," gasped the inventor. "It has broken something in the mechanism. It will take me several hours to locate the trouble and repair it. We will have to rise."

"We can't rise," said Hope, a chill of horror running through him. "We've shipped so much water that the boat won't respond to the rudders. And the engines are flooded. We'll have to pump her out by hand. I'm afraid it's all up with us, doctor, unless you can repair the break and give us some air. Our lives are in your hands."

But already the inventor was at work, untwisting a wire here, loosening a screw there, his keen eyes and his deft fingers searching, searching. Under the suction of the force-pumps the water in the submarine gradually subsided, but the supply of air diminished, too. Already it had become noticeably foul.

The corpse of the seaman whom Satsuma had killed had been tossed into the forward compartment, where it floated, face downward, in water streaked with blood. The wounded man had been propped up on a locker so that his head was above the water. He was badly hurt and constantly groaned.

The men at the pumps, stripped to the waist, were gasping for air. Two of them fainted and would have drowned had not Hope lashed them upright against a stanchion. The others pumped but feebly now, their

breath coming in great tearing sobs, like fish which have been thrown out upon the bank to die. Hope, Hook and the navigating officer pumped in their turn. Soon their strength failed them and they stopped working.

Cleo had again lapsed into unconsciousness. Hope, feeling as though a pillow were being pressed against his mouth and nostrils by a relentless hand, held her limp figure in his arms in order to keep her head above the water. Burke alone seemed unaffected by the lack of oxygen. He was still working feverishly. Suddenly he gave a hoarse croak of triumph. A stream of bubbles shot across the tank. A moment later a faint breath of life-giving oxygen floated through the submarine. Gradually it became more perceptible. Then a great wave of clean, fresh air swept the boat from stem to stern. The machine was again working.

A rug vendor had hung about the entrance to the fashionable San Francisco apartment house known as the Portola Arms throughout the morning. He was shabbily dressed and very dark of skin. If asked to hazard a guess as to his nationality, one would probably have put him down as a native of eastern Europe—a Roumanian, perhaps.

Draped over his shoulder were half a dozen imitation Turkish rugs which he peremptorily offered to every one who entered or left the building. That he made no sales did not seem to discourage him; like all Easterners he possessed the virtue of patience. The noon whistle had just concluded their raucous chorus when a tall and strikingly handsome woman gownned in the height of fashion came out of the apartment house and started to enter a waiting taxicab. At once the vendor hurried forward, unfolding a rug for her inspection.

"No, no," she said, with a strong

"It is necessary, Olga," was the answer. "We have reason to believe that the government's suspicions have been aroused and that orders have been issued to the secret service to keep me under surveillance. I didn't dare to ask for you openly. The chances of being recognized were too great. And there was another reason: I have found that others than ourselves are after the secret of the submarine."

"But what have you learned about the invention?" demanded Olga impatiently.

"I have just come from Valdivia," said Sextus. "Day before yesterday a naval constructor named Hope reached there from Washington and immediately called on Burke. Yesterday Burke took Hope on a trial trip in the submarine. The test, so I learned from members of the crew, was entirely successful. They remained submerged for eight hours, Burke's invention supplying them with air. There was some sort of trouble on board, however, though I was unable to learn all the details. It seems that a Japanese named Satsuma, whom Burke had been employing, was caught examining the apparatus and in the fracas that ensued he shot two of the seamen."

"A Japanese?" Olga ejaculated. "Did he escape?"

"Yes. He opened the hatch and plunged into the sea. The police are after him, of course, but they have been unable to get any trace of him. It was to him that I referred when I said just now that we are not the only ones after the secret."



THE STRUGGLE IN THE DARK BETWEEN THE TWO INTRUDERS WAS A SAVAGE ONE.

foreign accent, waving him aside, "I wish no rugs. Go away."

"But these are ver' fine carpets, madame," urged the man, proffering one of his rugs for her inspection. "I bring them all the way from Samarkand."

"From Samarkand?" said the woman, abruptly halting. "How can I be certain that it comes from Samarkand?"

"'Eet has the Samarkand mark," said the vendor, loudly enough for the door attendant and the taxi driver to hear him. "Madame may see for herself," and he indicated a small lead seal which was attached to the rug.

The woman examined the characters imprinted on the seal. "It is indeed from Samarkand, as you say," she acknowledged. "You may bring it to my room. If it harmonizes with the furniture and your price is not too high I will buy it."

Ascending in the elevator to an upper floor of the apartment house, she led the way into a handsomely furnished sitting room. No sooner were they inside than the vendor, tossing his rugs on the floor, silently shot the brass bolt of the door. Then he crossed the room to where the woman was standing. Lifting her hand, he pressed it to his lips.

"You don't seem overjoyed at seeing me, Olga," he complained, still holding her hand.

"I didn't recognize you in those clothes and with your mustache shaved off, Sextus," she answered, throwing herself into a chair. "I didn't even know that you were in San Francisco. I received word from the embassy in Washington to wait here for the man from Samarkand. They told me that he would prove his identity by showing me a seal with the imperial cipher. I have been waiting here for nearly a week. But why all this mystery?"

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"A Japanese?" Olga ejaculated. "Did he escape?"

"But the invention?" repeated the woman. "Can't it be bought?"

"I fear not," said Sextus gloomily. "I understand that Burke has already given the American government an option on it and that Hope has wired to Washington urging that it be purchased at once."

"I learned it from a one-armed seaman named Barnacle, who seems to be in Burke's confidence. I loosened his tongue with a few drinks last night, and before we parted he had told me everything he knew, which, unfortunately, was not very much."

"My friend," said Olga, rising, "we must get possession of that invention, by purchase if we can—by other means if we must. You know what it means to me, Sextus. The ambassador has virtually promised me that if I can get it for our government my father will be released from Siberia. To get it I will do anything, take any chances. There must be no such word as fail."

"And if I get it for you, Olga," said Sextus softly, "what is to be my reward?"

"It will be time to talk of my reward when you have obtained me the secret," she answered. "You had best return to Valdivia and get to work at once—to-night."

"If the secret is to be had, Olga," he said, holding her hand in both of his, "I will get it for you—no matter what the cost."

Two days after the struggle in the submarine Gerald Morton reached Valdivia. He went immediately to see Burke.

"Doctor Burke," began Morton, when they were seated in the inventor's study. "I have been sent here by my uncle, Calvin Montgomery."

"Calvin Montgomery?" ejaculated Burke, and Morton saw his face suddenly blanch. "Calvin Montgomery is an old friend. . . . I have not heard from him for many years. But—but what does he want of me?"

"He wishes to obtain an option on your submarine invention," Dr. Burke said Morton, on whom the inventor's expression of momentary alarm had not been lost. "Should it pass the tests to which he would naturally wish to put it, he desires me to say that he would be willing to pay you very handsomely for your rights."

"I appreciate your uncle's offer, Mr. Morton," was the reply, "but I cannot accept it. In fact, I have already promised my invention to the Government of the United States."

"We will pay you far more than the Government, Dr. Burke," urged Morton, "and the Government is notoriously slow pay."

"The Government already has my promise," said the inventor firmly. "Then we cannot obtain the option."

"It is out of the question, as I have already told you."

"Before you make your decision final, Dr. Burke," said Morton, taking from his pocketbook the card which Calvin Montgomery had given him. "You had better read this."

Burke adjusted his spectacles. "Dear Ralph," he read, "I once gave you something that I valued as much as you value the secret of the submarine. Now is your chance to repay me—Calvin Montgomery."

For some minutes the inventor sat silent, lost in thought. It was evident that the message on the card had deeply stirred him. At last he spoke. "This message places me in

a most difficult position, Mr. Morton," he said. "I must have time to think it over. You had better see me again in a few days."

As the inventor was ushering his caller to the door, Cleo Burke came tripping down the stairs. The broad-brimmed sun hat that she wore accentuated the spun-gold quality of her hair and the roseleaf beauty of her complexion; the simple gown of clinging muslin emphasized her girlish slenderness.

"By George!" said Morton to himself, "what an exquisite creature."

"Mr. Morton," said Burke, "this is my daughter, Cleo."

"I'm delighted to meet you, Miss Burke," was what Morton said, but he was thinking, "Cleo? Cleo? Now, where the devil have I heard that name before? . . . By the living Jingo, I remember! It was the name used by Uncle Calvin when I overheard him talking to himself the day I left New York!"

"If you're going to the town, Miss Burke," said Morton, noting that she was evidently dressed for the street, "may I have the honor of walking with you? I am staying at the hotel."

"Of course you may come with me if you like," said Cleo, obviously enjoying the attention of the handsome stranger. "I'm going marketing."

a sound as of a plank being lifted within the cabin.

"It's all right, Satsuma," said the man without. "It's I—Mahlin." The door opened and the visitor found himself in a pitch black room.

"It's not wise to show a light," said Satsuma's voice in the darkness. "It might possibly be noticed by some one passing on the beach."

"Here's some food for you," said the man called Mahlín, producing various packages from the pockets of his coat. "The police have been so busy that I didn't dare take the chance of coming here before. You certainly got yourself into one terrible scrape. What did you learn about the invention?"

"I had a good look at the apparatus," said Satsuma. "In fact, the old man caught me examining it. That was when the shooting began. The mechanism is comparatively simple. The real secret is in some formula which Burke uses, but which, of course, I was unable to find."

Mahlín uttered an oath. "We've got to find it," he exclaimed. "You had better have a look through Burke's house to-night. It's probably among the papers in his laboratory."

"It's not safe for me to go out to-night," said the Japanese sullenly. "I'll run into some of the detectives. I had better wait until the search for me has had time to die down."

"You'll go when I tell you to, my Oriental friend," said Mahlín savagely, "and that's to-night. I've got to have that formula and I've got to have it quick."

"It's not safe to go out to-night," Satsuma persisted stubbornly. "You'll go through Burke's house to-night," snarled Mahlín, flying into a sudden rage, "or I'll tell the detectives where they can find the Jap who killed that sailor."

Because he was accustomed to work far into the night and in order that he might not disturb Cleo, who slept upstairs, Doctor Burke occupied a ground-floor bedroom which communicated with his laboratory. Despite his age, the faculties of the inventor were unimpaired, so that when, in the silent hours that preceded the dawn, a dim figure pried up the window opening on the veranda, Burke, always a light sleeper, was instantly awakened. For some minutes he sat upright in bed, intently listening, but as the sound was not repeated he decided that he had been mistaken. Just as he started to settle back, however, he heard distinctly, on the uncarpeted floor of the laboratory, the sound of cautious footsteps.

Slipping noiselessly out of bed, he wrapped himself in a dressing gown and slipped his feet into a pair of slippers. Then, holding back the knob so that the latch could not click, he silently opened the door leading into the laboratory. Bending over the desk stood a man holding an electric torch. The circle of light which it cast showed that he was hastily but systematically going through the inventor's papers.

"What are you doing there?" called Burke, sharply. Instantly the light was extinguished and the room was plunged in sudden darkness. Burke, whose years had not sapped his courage, advanced into the room. There was a patter of quick footsteps, the sound of a heavy blow, and the old man sank to the floor without a groan. For a long moment the intruder stood silent in the darkness.

Standing out from the surrounding darkness, as in a spot-light, was the face of Satsuma. He bent over the inert heap on the floor. It stirred ever so slightly. Burke, though unconscious of the blow of the Japanese's life-preserver, was living. Returning to the desk, Satsuma resumed his interrupted search, hastily examining paper after paper and then tossing them aside impatiently. He was evidently unable to find that which he was after. Suddenly he again snapped out the light. His keen ears had heard, in the rear of the house, the

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tinkle of a key in a lock and the creak of a door cautiously opened. Then the sound of stealthy footsteps as the latest intruder, evidently feeling his way in the darkness, entered the sitting room.

Satsuma's retreat was cut off. Straight from the door of the laboratory came the footfalls. Then a dim shape, blacker even than the enveloping darkness, appeared in the open doorway, within a yard of where Satsuma crouched, waiting. The Japanese swung up his revolver, but in the darkness his hand came in contact with a shelf holding a row of test tubes and it came crashing to the floor. At that instant the man in the doorway sprang. Had his blow reached its mark Satsuma would, for the time being, at least, have faded from this story, but as the Japanese was much shorter than his opponent it went harmlessly over his shoulder, and the next moment the two were locked in each other's arms.

The struggle in the dark was a savage one. Each of the intruders supposed that he had been surprised by a member of the household and fought desperately to get free. Round and round the laboratory swung the two figures, so intertwined that they seemed like one. Each tried to get at his weapon, but his move was instantly anticipated and thwarted by the other. It was no uneven struggle, for the Japanese made up for his lack of stature in agility and knowledge of wrestling. They lunged against a table burdened with Burke's experimental apparatus, and over it went with a crash of shattered glass. They swayed against a bookcase and that went over, too.

Still clamped in their wild embrace, they reeled through the doorway into the sitting room. Satsuma was endeavoring to gain the window through which he had entered. All at once a shriek came through the darkness. "Help! Help! Help! Police! Police!" Cleo, awakened by the uproar, stood at the head of the stairs, a lamp in her hand, screaming frantically for assistance.

At the same moment Satsuma, putting into practice a Japanese wrestling trick, grasped one of his opponent's wrists with both hands and brought it downward with a terrific force, dislocating the shoulder. With a groan of pain the other related his grasp, and as he did so the Japanese leaped through the open window. Ensnared in a sudden silence, it was broken by Cleo.

"Daddy!" she called in terrified accents. "Daddy, what has happened? Daddy, why don't you answer? Daddy, dearest, are you there?" A faint groan from Burke, who was beginning to recover consciousness, was her only answer. Summoning all her courage, Cleo, the lamp held high above her head, fearfully descended. As, quaking with terror, she reached the door of the sitting room, a figure crouching in the shadows, crawled painfully but silently through the window by which Satsuma had made his escape and disappeared in the outer darkness.

Passing into the laboratory Cleo stumbled over the outstretched form of her father, who was slowly recovering from the blow dealt him by Satsuma. Though he quickly regained his faculties under Cleo's tender care the old inventor was badly shaken. Assisting him to his bed, she bathed and bound his throbbing head and, clinging to his hand, sat beside him until morning.

Dating from the night of the attack, Burke became acutely nervous, but, despite Cleo's pleadings and the advice of Hope, he steadfastly refused to have any one sleep in the house or to take any additional precautions.

"It is not me that they are after," he argued. "What they want is the secret of the submarine. But they can ransack the house from the garret to cellar and they will never find it."

Yet, notwithstanding his assumed indifference to danger, morbidness seized upon him. He insisted that he was being spied upon. Twice he excitedly summoned Cleo to the laboratory, insisting that he had seen a face peering at him through the window, but when she arrived the face—if face there was—had disappeared. Morton, who had left Valdivia and was staying in San Francisco, again came to see him, but Burke remained deaf to the younger man's importunities to sell him an option on the invention.

"Tell your uncle," said Burke during the interview, "that if I sold the secret to any individual it would be to him. But I have promised it to the Government. I cannot go back on my word."

"But we will give you far more for it than you can hope to get out of the Government," argued Morton. "You don't seem to understand," said Burke, impatiently. "It isn't the hope of the profit that actuates me. It's patriotism."

Even then Morton would not accept defeat, but continued to pay frequent calls at the home of the inventor. "Things move slowly at Washington, Dr. Burke," Hope remarked on one of his frequent visits. "There's a vast deal of red tape to be unwound. You must have patience. The Department has wired me, however, that a commission of naval officers has been appointed to test your invention—probably next week. If their report is satisfactory—and I have not the slightest doubt that it will be—the Government will unquestionably purchase your rights. In the meantime I hope that you will keep the formula well guarded. There are persons, as you have already learned, who will let nothing stand in their way if they see a chance of getting possession of it."

"They will never get it," said Burke. "I am taking no chances. It is well hidden."

That night Burke worked at the desk in his laboratory until after midnight. Cleo, as had been her custom since the night of the attack, sat in the room, bent over her sewing. At last, with a sigh of weariness, Burke completed his writing. Leaning back in his chair his gaze wandered about the room until it rested on a narrow shelf, just above his desk, which held a small and much thumbed Bible and a dozen ponderous volumes on various scientific subjects.

Though the study was filled from floor to ceiling with his extensive library, these dozen untended, dog-eared volumes were his most precious possessions. They formed, as he had often told Cleo, his earliest library as a young man he had made many sacrifices in order to buy them, and for old time's sake, he always kept them by him. They possessed, moreover, because of their age and rarity, an intrinsic as well as sentimental value. Now Burke took one of the worn volumes down and caressed it lovingly.

"I want you to remember, Cleo," he said, more solemnly than was customary with him, "that if anything should happen to me there is a fortune waiting for my little girl in these old books."

"Hush, daddy, hush," she cried, dropping her work and perching herself on the arm of his chair. "I won't have you talk so. You give me the shivers. Why, daddy, dearest, you're going to live for years and years and years."

"But," the old man continued, talking from the end of the row the much used Bible. "This is the most precious of all. It was my mother's parting gift when I left home as a boy to make my fortune. It has never left me. I want you to promise, my child, that you will keep it always."

"Of course I'll keep it always, daddy dearest," Cleo exclaimed, throwing her arms about the old man's neck.

It was late when Cleo awakened the next morning. The sun was shining as only a California sun can shine; birds warbled their matins in the garden; from the roses which clung to her wall outside her window came a wave of fragrance. No wonder that she sang happily as, seated before the mirror, she brushed her spun gold hair and twisted it on her head into a golden crown. It was a morning to make any one sing. Slipping into the little gingham frock which she wore about the house, she sped lightly down the stair, still singing.

"Time to get up, daddy," she called gayly, rapping at her father's bedroom door. "I'll have breakfast ready in a minute." But there was no answer.

"Daddy is sleeping soundly this morning," she said to herself, and rapped again.

Still there was no response. Chilled with sudden foreboding, she entered. The room was empty. The bed had not been slept in. The door leading into the laboratory was ajar. She opened it. Stretched on the floor, in a pool of crimson, lay Dr. Ralph Burke. Buried in his heart was an ivory handled dagger.

(End of Second Instalment.)

The Third Instalment of  
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